

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday Dec. 30, to Saturday Jan. 6. 1704.

The English Padlock. By Mr. *prig*.

THE forward Dame, when fair and young,
(As Horace has Divinely sung)
Could not be kept from Jove's Embrace,
By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass.
The Reason of the thing, is clear;
Would Jove the naked Truth aver,
Cupid was with him of the Party,
And acted vigorous and hearty;
Forgive that Whipster but his Errand,
He takes my Lord Chief Justice Warrant;
Dauntless as Death, away he walks,
Breaks the Doors open, snaps the Locks;
Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study,
Nor stops 'till he has Culprits Body:
Since this has been Authentick Truth,
By Age deliver'd down to Youth;
Tell us, mistaken Husband, tell us
Why so mysterious, why so jealous,
Does the Restraint, the Bolt, the Bar,
Make us less Owners, her less Fair?
The Spy, who does the Fair One keep,
Does she ne'er say her Prayers, nor sleep?
Does she to no Excess incline?
Does she fly Musick, Mirth, and Wine?
Or have not Gold and Flattery, Power
To purchase one unguarded Hour?
Your Care does further, yet extend,
That Spy is guarded by your Friend;
But has that Friend no Eye nor Heart?
May he not feel the cruel Dart,
Which soon or late all Mortals feel?
May he not with too tender Zeal,
Give the Fair Prisoner Cause to see
How much she wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The Rules of Friendship too severe,
Which Chain him to a hated Trust,
Which make him wretched to be just?
And may not she, this Darling she,
Toughful and healthy, Flesh and Blood,
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this Logick to be good?
Sir, will your Questions never end?
I trust to neither Spy nor Friend.
In short, I keep her from the Sight
Of every Human Face—— she'll write.
From Pen and Paper, she's debarr'd,
Has she a Bolkin and a Card,
She'll prick her Mind:—— She, will you say,
But how shall she that Mind convey?
I lock her fast, I keep the Key;
The Key-hole,—— Fool, that take away.
Dear angry Friend, what may be done?
Is there no way? There is but one;
Send her aboard, and let her see,
That all this mingled Mass, which she,

Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
Powder and Pocket-Glass, and Bean.
A Steeple of Romance and Lies,
False Fears, and real Perjuries,
Where Sighs and Looks are bought and sold,
And Love is made but to be told.
Where the, fat Bawd, and lavish Heir,
The Spoils of ruin'd Beauty share,
And Youth seduc'd from Friends and Fame,
Must give up Age to Want and Shame.
Let her behold the frantick Scene,
The Women wretched, false the Men,
And when those monstrous Ills to shun,
She should to thy Embraces run.
Receive her with extended Armes,
Seem more delighted with her Charms;
Wait on her to the Park and Play;
Put on good Humour, make her Gay;
Be to her Vertues very kind;
Be to her Faults a little blind.
Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your Padlock on her Mind.

Upon a Lady playing with a Snuff-Box.

SO sports the charming Fair with Darts,
And thus regardless, takes our Hearts:
Her Slaves are num'rous as these Grains,
But more destructive prove her Chains.
The first have tickling ways to please,
And vanish quickly in a Sneeze:
The last works inward and will stay,
Too mighty to be blown away.

A new Song set by Mr. Barrott.

I.
Janthe, the Lovely, the Joy of her Swain,
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again:
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair;
Their Pleasures were equal, and equal their Care.
No Time, no Injoyment, their Doatage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd, still the fonder they grew.

II.
A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain:
Some Swore 'twould be pity their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other were made.
But all, all consented that none ever knew,
A Nymph yet so kind, or a Shepherd so true.

Love

-ship.

But they wanted nothing, but always to Love;
Said, 'twas all that to bless them his God—
That they still might be kind, and they still might
be true.

A Fable.

THE Rats upon a Time in Council Sate,
And their own Safety was the great Debate;
How they might be secure, and safely be
From the Cats too prevailing Power free;
How at their Pleasure they abroad might roam,
And live with Satisfaction when at home.
One thought on this, another that would try,
And use all Means 'gainst Plot and Treachery.
Henceforth the Rats in frequent Numbers met,
With full Intent and Purpose for to eat
In good Sir Johnson's Cellar a Repast,
The rich Remains of a sumptuous Feast.
Says their Great King, (for even in Rats is meant
To have some Laws and Rules of Government)
I charge you all on Pain of my Displeasure,
Nor any ways to abuse such glorious Treasure,
Nor with your noisy Chaps the Peace molest
Of stern Grimalkin, who's perhaps at Rest.
No sooner was this cautious Dictate spoke,
But forth Grimalkin in a Fury broke;
Who in the Cole-hole secretly had sate,
And heard the Humours of their wise Debate:
They were with Trembling seiz'd, and part did fly
The dangerous Clutches of the Enemy;
The other part unable to withstand
Grimalkin's fierce Assaults, and Arbitrary Hand,
In a Hog-trough of Filth, like Swine, were Drown'd,
Grimalkin sat his Fill, return'd, was Crown'd.

A Song on Delia.

I.
Delia shall be my joyful Theme;
Oh! would she bless me with a Beam;
One Ray of Love would make my Song
Immortal as the tuneful Throng;
Then would I sing her wondrous Charms,
How full of Love's resistless Arms.
I would enchant the listening Throng,
Transport 'em with my tuneful Song.
I would the glorious Cause admire,
And in the Flame, perceive the Fire.

II.
For Love can claim the tuneful Nine,
Or Love as pure and bright as mine;
Who willing, to the Song would bring
Their Art, and teach the Bard to sing.
Delia shall be the joyful Theme;
Delia a bright and glorious Flame;
Her Beauty fills my panting Breast,
Her Love denies my Bosom Rest;
She o'er my Soul does Empire bear,
And every Thought is full of her.

A Flea snatch from Cloris's Breast and
afterwards presented her in Chains.

HERE, Madam, take this humble Slave,
Once vile, but since your Blood is in him brave.

But the Respect I bare your Blood deny'd.
The Gods forbid, dear Madam, that by me
Your Blood be spill'd, altho' in this poor Flea.
'Twas Knowledge in him those sweet Drops to draw,
But now that Treasure in his Veins does lye,
It consecrates his Life, and strikes on Awe,
That no bold Nail dares make the Traitor Die.
Nay, if a Quart of Nectar once did make
Mankind Immortal, as the Poets feign,
This Flea can never die for that Drop's sake,
Which he has suck'd, sweet Madam, from your Vein.
At least no Human Power his Life can spill
Which lyes in your pure Blood that can't decay,
Tho' you whose Property's to save or kill,
As you did lend that Blood, may take 't away.
Then see this humble Slave in Chains of Gold,
Him I submit, dear Madam, to your Doom,
Either let Mercy him your Prisoner hold,
Or let your Ivory Nail prepare his Tomb.
Oh! could he speak, I'm sure the Wretch would crave
A Prisoner's Life to be confin'd with you,
Nay, he would be content to meet his Grave
If from your Hand Death might to him accrue.
Go happy Slave, for now to one you go
Gives Life if she's your Friend, and Glory if your Foe.

On the Taking of Salvaterra. By a French Priest.

QUID, Braganza Domum, quid Portugalia
Regnum
Factas? cum Salva est non tibi Terra satis?
Thus English'd.

HIS House and Kingdom, let Braganza boast,
But all's in vain, when once his Land is lost.

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